

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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IS HE POPENJOY ?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY—NUMBER ONE.

I WOULD that it were possible so to tell a story, that a reader should beforehand know every detail of it up to a certain point, or be so circumstanced that he might be supposed to know. In telling the little novelettes of our life, we commence our narrations with the presumption that these details are borne in mind, and though they be all forgotten, the stories come out intelligible at last. "You remember Mary Walker. Oh yes, you do;—that pretty girl, but such a queer temper! And how she was engaged to marry Harry Jones, and said she wouldn't at the church-door, till her father threatened her with bread and water; and how they have been living ever since as happy as two turtle-doves down in Devonshire, till that scoundrel, Lieutenant Smith, went to Bideford! Smith has been found dead at the bottom of a saw-pit. Nobody's sorry for him. She's in a madhouse at Exeter; and Jones has disappeared, and couldn't have had more than thirty shillings in his pocket." This is quite as much as anybody ought to want to know, previous to the unravelling of the tragedy of the Joneses. But such stories as those I have to tell cannot be written after that fashion. We novelists are constantly twitted with being long; and to the gentlemen who condescend to review us, and who take up our volumes with a view to business rather than pleasure, we must be infinite in length and tedium. But the story must be made intelligible from the

beginning, or the real novel readers will not like it. The plan of jumping at once into the middle has been often tried, and sometimes seductively enough for a chapter or two; but the writer still has to hark back, and to begin again from the beginning—not always very comfortably after the abnormal brightness of his few opening pages; and the reader, who is then involved in some ancient family history, or long local explanation, feels himself to have been defrauded. It is as though one were asked to eat boiled mutton after woodcocks, caviare, or macaroni cheese. I hold that it is better to have the boiled mutton first, if boiled mutton there must be.

The story which I have to tell is something in its nature akin to that of poor Mrs. Jones, who was happy enough down in Devonshire till that wicked Lieutenant Smith came and persecuted her; not quite so tragic, perhaps, as it is stained neither by murder nor madness. But before I can hope to interest readers in the perplexed details of the life of a not unworthy lady, I must do more than remind them that they do know, or might have known, or should have known, the antecedents of my personages. I must let them understand how it came to pass that so pretty, so pert, so gay, so good a girl as Mary Lovelace, without any great fault on her part, married a man so grim, so gaunt, so sombre, and so old as Lord George Germain. It will not suffice to say that she had done so. A hundred and twenty little incidents must be dribbled into the reader's intelligence, many of them, let me hope, in such manner that he shall himself be insensible to the process. But unless I make each one of them understood and appre-

ciated by my ingenious, open-hearted, rapid reader—by my reader who will always have his fingers impatiently ready to turn the page—he will, I know, begin to masticate the real kernel of my story with infinite prejudices against Mary Lovelace.

Mary Lovelace was born in a country parsonage; but at the age of fourteen, when her life was in truth beginning, was transferred by her father to the deanery of Brotherton. Dean Lovelace had been a fortunate man in life. When a poor curate, a man of very humble origin, with none of what we commonly call Church interest, with nothing to recommend him but a handsome person, moderate education, and a quick intellect, he had married a lady with a considerable fortune, whose family had bought for him a living. Here he preached himself into fame. It is not at all to be implied from this that he had not deserved the fame he acquired. He had been active and resolute in his work, holding opinions which, if not peculiar, were at any rate advanced, and never being afraid of the opinions which he held. His bishop had not loved him, nor had he made himself dear to the bench of bishops generally. He had the reputation of having been in early life a sporting parson. He had written a book which had been characterised as tending to infidelity, and had more than once been invited to state dogmatically what was his own belief. He had never quite done so, and had then been made a dean. Brotherton, as all the world knows, is a most interesting little city, neither a Manchester nor a Salisbury; full of architectural excellences, given to literature, and fond of hospitality. The Bishop of Brotherton—who did not love the dean—was not a general favourite, being strict, ascetic, and utterly hostile to all compromises. At first there were certain hostile passages between him and the new dean. But the dean, who was, and is, urbanity itself, won the day, and soon became certainly the most popular man in Brotherton. His wife's fortune doubled his clerical income, and he lived in all respects as a dean ought to live. His wife had died very shortly after his promotion, and he had been left with one only daughter on whom to lavish his cares and his affection.

Now we must turn for a few lines to the family of Lord George Germain. Lord George was the brother of the Marquis of Brotherton, whose family residence was

at Manor Cross, about nine miles from the city. The wealth of the family of the Germain was not equal to their rank, and the circumstances of the family were not made more comfortable by the peculiarities of the present marquis. He was an idle, self-indulgent, ill-conditioned man, who found that it suited his tastes better to live in Italy, where his means were ample, than on his own property, where he would have been comparatively a poor man. And he had a mother and four sisters, and a brother with whom he would hardly have known how to deal had he remained at Manor Cross. As it was, he allowed them to keep the house, while he simply took the revenue of the estate. With the marquis I do not know that it will be necessary to trouble the reader much at present. The old marchioness and her daughters lived always at Manor Cross, in possession of a fine old house in which they could have entertained half the county, and a magnificent park—which, however, was let for grazing up to the garden-gates—and a modest income unequal to the splendour which should have been displayed by the inhabitants of Manor Cross.

And here also lived Lord George Germain, to whom at a very early period of his life had been entrusted the difficult task of living as the head of his family with little or no means for the purpose. When the old marquis died—very suddenly, and soon after the dean's coming to Brotherton—the widow had her jointure, some two thousand a year, out of the property, and the younger children had each a small settled sum. That the four ladies—Sarah, Alice, Susanna, and Amelia—should have sixteen thousand pounds among them, did not seem to be so very much amiss to those who knew how poor was the Germain family; but what was Lord George to do with four thousand pounds, and no means of earning a shilling? He had been at Eton, and had taken a degree at Oxford with credit, but had gone into no profession. There was a living in the family, and both father and mother had hoped that he would consent to take orders; but he had declined to do so, and there had seemed to be nothing for him but to come and live at Manor Cross. Then the old marquis had died, and the elder brother, who had long been abroad, remained abroad. Lord George, who was the youngest of the family, and at that time about five-and-twenty, remained at

Manor Cross, and became not only ostensibly but in very truth the managing head of the family.

He was a man whom no one could despise, and in whom few could find much to blame. In the first place he looked his poverty in the face, and told himself that he was a very poor man. His bread he might earn by looking after his mother and sisters, and he knew no other way in which he could do so. He was a just steward, spending nothing to gratify his own whims, acknowledging on all sides that he had nothing of his own, till some began to think that he was almost proud of his poverty. Among the ladies of the family, his mother and sisters, it was of course said that George must marry money. In such a position there is nothing else that the younger son of a marquis can do. But Lord George was a person somewhat difficult of instruction in such a matter. His mother was greatly afraid of him. Among his sisters Lady Sarah alone dared to say much to him; and even to her teaching on the subject he turned a very deaf ear. "Quite so, George," she said; "quite so. No man with a spark of spirit would marry a woman for her money"—and she laid a stress on the word "for"—"but I do not see why a lady who has money should be less fit to be loved than one who has none. Miss Barm is a most charming young woman, of excellent manners, admirably educated, if not absolutely handsome, quite of distinguished appearance, and she has forty thousand pounds. We all liked her when she was here." But there came a very black frown upon Lord George's brow, and then even Lady Sarah did not dare to speak again in favour of Miss Barm.

Then there came a terrible blow. Lord George Germain was in love with his cousin, Miss De Baron! It would be long to tell, and perhaps unnecessary, how that young lady had made herself feared by the ladies of Manor Cross. Her father, a man of birth and fortune, but not, perhaps, with the best reputation in the world, had married a Germain of the last generation, and lived, when in the country, about twenty miles from Brotherton. He was a good deal on the turf, spent much of his time at card-playing clubs, and was generally known as a fast man. But he paid his way, had never put himself beyond the pale of society, and was, of course, a gentleman. As to Adelaide De Baron, no

one doubted her dash, her wit, her grace, or her toilet. Some also gave her credit for beauty; but there were those who said that, though she would behave herself decently at Manor Cross and houses of that class, she could be loud elsewhere. Such was the lady whom Lord George loved, and it may be conceived that this passion was distressing to the ladies of Manor Cross. In the first place, Miss De Baron's fortune was doubtful, and could not be large; and then—she certainly was not such a wife as Lady Brotherton and her daughters desired for the one male hope of the family.

But Lord George was very resolute, and for a time it seemed to them all that Miss De Baron—of whom the reader will see much if he go through with our story—was not unwilling to share the poverty of her noble lover. Of Lord George personally something must be said. He was a tall, handsome, dark-browed man, silent generally, and almost gloomy, looking, as such men do, as though he were always revolving deep things in his mind, but revolving in truth things not very deep—how far the money would go, and whether it would be possible to get a new pair of carriage-horses for his mother. Birth and culture had given to him a look of intellect greater than he possessed; but I would not have it thought that he traded on this, or endeavoured to seem other than he was. He was simple, conscientious, absolutely truthful, full of prejudices, and weak-minded. Early in life he had been taught to entertain certain ideas as to religion by those with whom he had lived at college, and had therefore refused to become a clergyman. The bishop of the diocese had attacked him; but though weak, he was obstinate. The dean and he had become friends, and so he had learned to think himself in advance of the world. But yet he knew himself to be a backward, slow, unappreciative man. He was one who could bear reproach from no one else, but who never praised himself even to himself.

But we must return to his love, which is that which now concerns us. His mother and sisters altogether failed to persuade him. Week after week he went over to Baronscourt, and at last threw himself at Adelaide's feet. This was five years after his father's death, when he was already thirty years old. Miss De Baron, though never a favourite at Manor Cross, knew intimately the history of the family. The present marquis was over forty, and as yet

unmarried; but then Lord George was absolutely a pauper. In that way she might probably become a marchioness; but then of what use would life be to her, should she be doomed for the next twenty years to live simply as one of the ladies of Manor Cross? She consulted her father, but he seemed to be quite indifferent, merely reminding her that, though he would be ready to do everything handsomely for her wedding, she would have no fortune till after his death. She consulted her glass, and told herself that, without self-praise, she must regard herself as the most beautiful woman of her own acquaintance. She consulted her heart, and found that in that direction she need not trouble herself. It would be very nice to be a marchioness, but she certainly was not in love with Lord George. He was handsome, no doubt—very handsome—but she was not sure that she cared much for men being handsome. She liked men that “had some go in them,” who were perhaps a little fast, and who sympathised with her own desire for amusement. She could not bring herself to fall in love with Lord George. But then, the rank of a marquis is very high! She told Lord George that she must take time to consider.

When a young lady takes time to consider she has, as a rule, given way; Lord George felt it to be so, and was triumphant. The ladies at Manor Cross thought they saw what was coming, and were despondent. The whole country declared that Lord George was about to marry Miss De Baron. The country feared that they would be very poor; but the recompense would come at last, and the present marquis was known not to be a marrying man. Lady Sarah was mute with despair. Lady Alice had declared that there was nothing for them but to make the best of it. Lady Susanna, who had high ideas of aristocratic duty, thought that George was forgetting himself. Lady Amelia, who had been snubbed by Miss De Baron, shut herself up and wept. The marchioness took to her bed. Then, exactly at the same time, two things happened, both of which were felt to be of vital importance at Manor Cross. Miss De Baron wrote a most determined refusal to her lover, and old Mr. Tallowax died. Now old Mr. Tallowax had been Dean Lovelace's father-in-law, and never had a child but she who had been the dean's wife.

Lord George did in truth suffer dreadfully. There are men to whom such a

disappointment as this causes enduring physical pain—as though they had become suddenly affected with some acute and yet lasting disease. And there are men, too, who suffer the more because they cannot conceal the pain. Such a man was Lord George. He shut himself up for months at Manor Cross, and would see no one. At first it was his intention to try again, but very shortly after the letter to himself came one from Miss De Baron to Lady Alice, declaring that she was about to be married immediately to one Mr. Houghton; and that closed the matter. Mr. Houghton's history was well known to the Manor Cross family. He was a friend of Mr. De Baron, very rich, almost old enough to be the girl's father, and a great gambler. But he had a house in Berkeley-square, kept a stud of horses in Northamptonshire, and was much thought of at Newmarket. Adelaide De Baron explained to Lady Alice that the marriage had been made up by her father, whose advice she had thought it her duty to take. The news was told to Lord George, and then it was found expedient never to mention further the name of Miss De Baron within the walls of Manor Cross.

But the death of Mr. Tallowax was also very important. Of late the Dean of Brotherton had become very intimate at Manor Cross. For some years the ladies had been a little afraid of him, as they were by no means given to free opinions. But he made his way. They were decidedly high; the bishop was notoriously low; and thus, in a mild manner, without malignity on either side, Manor Cross and the Palace fell out. Their own excellent young clergyman was snubbed in reference to his church postures, and Lady Sarah was offended. But the dean's manners were perfect. He never trod on anyone's toes. He was rich, and, as far as birth went, nobody—but he knew how much was due to the rank of the Germans. In all matters he obliged them, and had lately made the Deanery very pleasant to Lady Alice—to whom a widowed canon at Brotherton was supposed to be partial. The interest between the Deanery and Manor Cross was quite close; and now Mr. Tallowax had died, leaving the greater part of his money to the dean's daughter.

When a man suffers from disappointed love he requires consolation. Lady Sarah boldly declared her opinion—in female conclave of course—that one pretty girl is as good to a man as another, and might

be a great deal better, if she were at the same time better mannered and better dowered than the other. Mary Lovelace, when her grandfather died, was only seventeen. Lord George was at that time over thirty. But a man of thirty is still a young man, and a girl of seventeen may be a young woman. If the man be not more than fifteen years older than the woman the difference of age can hardly be regarded as an obstacle. And then Mary was much loved at Manor Cross. She had been a most engaging child, was clever, well-educated, very pretty, with a nice sparkling way, fond of pleasure, no doubt, but not as yet instructed to be fast. And now she would have at once thirty thousand pounds, and in course of time would be her father's heiress.

All the ladies at Manor Cross put their heads together—as did also Mr. Canon Holdenough, who, while these things had been going on, had been accepted by Lady Alice. They fooled Lord George to the top of his bent, smoothing him down softly amidst the pangs of his love, not suggesting Mary Lovelace at first, but still in all things acting in that direction. And they so far succeeded that within twelve months of the marriage of Adelaide De Baron to Mr. Houghton, when Mary Lovelace was not yet nineteen and Lord George was thirty-three, with some few gray hairs on his handsome head, Lord George did go over to the Deanery and offer himself as a husband to Mary Lovelace.

A PATCHWORK PEOPLE.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was as fond of catching colonists as his father was of entrapping tall grenadiers. The difference was that the former didn't in the least care what country they came from, while the latter preferred that they should be Germans, or at least should know German enough to understand what their officers said. A whole villageful might speak Bohemian, Polish, Greek, it mattered not what, provided they seemed likely to increase and multiply, and fill up the gaps which the Thirty Years' War and other troubles had left in his Prussian Majesty's dominions.

How well those gaps have been filled up may be inferred from this one fact—Frederick, on coming to the throne, found himself lord of less than two millions and a half of people, scattered over two thousand one

hundred and forty-five square miles. Nowadays the one province of Brandenburg, covering seven hundred and thirty-four square miles, contains nearly three million inhabitants. This unparalleled increase is owing to the beginnings made by Frederick the Great. He gave the population a start, introducing into Brandenburg at least one hundred thousand immigrants, besides fully as many more into the rest of the kingdom. Hence it follows that the Prussians are not pure Germans. Even in Brandenburg, the kernel of the monarchy, there is a large mixture of foreign blood. This may account for that peculiar "cockiness," which most travellers abroad have felt and resented, and which is so different from the suavity of the Austrian, the straightforward gentlemanliness of the Hanoverian, and the heavy good-nature of the Bavarian. The Prussians are the Yankees of the Old World, made up of half-a-dozen breeds, as the Yankee is made up of English, Irish, German, with a dash of Dutch and French. And just as the Yankees "whip creation," the Prussians are not satisfied without "whipping" the rest of Europe.

The French are very fond of insisting on this mixture of races, forgetting that they too are a composite people. It seems to console them under defeat to reflect that they were not beaten by a single nation, but by half-a-dozen nations rolled into one. M. de Quatrefages, the naturalist, indignant that the German shells did so much harm to his pet *Jardin des Plantes*, wrote a book on *La Race Prussienne*, in which he brought forcibly out the influence of the vast French Huguenot immigration, when Louis the Fourteenth was mad enough to revoke the edict of Nantes. There are whole villages near Berlin, he says, where the type of face is French, and not German. M. Lavisse, in an interesting account of "the colonising kings of Prussia," says the same thing, remarking that the people with French names and French features are the most pronounced in their Germanism. One Berlin professor in 1870 went so far as to publicly ask forgiveness from God and man for the sin of bearing a French name. There is indeed something in the petty cantankerousness of an ill-humoured Prussian official like the worrying of a waspish Frenchman—for Frenchmen can be waspish. But whether the French element counts for much or little, the foreign element in Prussia is undoubtedly strong. M. Lavisse takes a pleasure in

proving it from Prussian authorities, notably from the "Hohenzollernsche Colonisationen," lately published by Dr. Max Beheim-Schwarzbach.

It is amusing to see how eager Frederick was to get colonists, and how cynically unscrupulous in getting them. He had two special agencies, one at Frankfort, for South Germany, the other at Hamburg, for the North. The duty of the latter was to stop all emigrants to America, and point out to them that his Prussian majesty's dominions were the real land of promise. Besides these there were secret agents in all the countries where Frederick's advertisements were not allowed to circulate. These men got a bonus on every colonist—three dollars for an unmarried workman, five for a man and his wife. Every advantage was taken of the troubles of the times. No sooner did news come of any religious persecution, than the agents flew to the place where it raged, representing that Prussia was a very paradise of civil and religious liberty. Thus, in 1712, unhappy Poland—she was unhappy even then—had added active intolerance to her chronic anarchy. The nobles had all been trained by the Jesuits, and persecution and imprisonment became the order of the day. "Now's the time," wrote the agent at Glogau, "for your Majesty to make Silesia profit by these troubles. If you will only set up in a village on the Polish frontier a Protestant church, where there shall be service in Polish, you'll draw the people across by hundreds. It wouldn't cost much—it may be as plain as a barn; there need not even be doors to it. The thing is to have a church. And even if a good many do finally remain in Poland, they will have enriched your Majesty by spending a good round sum every Sunday on beer and brandy." In 1747 there was a terrible famine in Bohemia. Frederick, as soon as he hears of it, writes to say how much he pities the poor hungry people, obliged to eat bread that is mostly sawdust, and how he hopes his subjects along the frontier will profit by the disaster to draw some of the sufferers over to his dominions. So, when Lissa is burnt down for the third time within a century, "Can't we do something there?" writes Frederick; and forthwith he publishes in Polish and German a proclamation, which, beginning with a few words of condolence, goes on to say: "We have heard that some of those thus rendered houseless are desirous of emigrating to Silesia," and points

out the privileges which he awards to his colonists. There was always something somewhere to make people restless—anarchy in Poland; chronic misgovernment in little states like Mecklenburg, whose budgetless potentates ruined themselves and their dominions by imitating Louis the Fourteenth, and keeping up a miniature Versailles—something of which Frederick and his crimps were not slow to take advantage. Often the various sovereigns laid complaints. "Your way of acting," wrote the Elector of Saxony, "is dead against all the rules of good neighbourhood. I hope the thing will be entirely put a stop to." He hoped in vain; for Frederick simply told his agents to go on just the same, but to be very careful how they compromised themselves or him. "Circulate the handbills. Above all, look out for well-to-do families, but don't seem too eager; let them think it's nothing to you, and never do or say anything that their Governments can take hold of." So the Elector had to content himself with publishing furious edicts, threatening "grievous punishment, even death in some cases," against the agents. "On the least suspicion let them be taken by the neck." None were ever taken, and the flitting across the border went on as merrily as ever.

With Poland, Frederick did not even take the pains to be civil. There his agents had neither shame nor concealment. "The recruiting goes on apace," wrote one of them. And when some of the Polish lords tried to stop with the strong hand the departure of their most valuable serfs, Frederick sent three regiments across the frontier, and thus, advancing as far as Posen, swept up the runaways, and beat off with loss a handful of Poles who tried to hinder them. This was in 1769, when Prussia was at peace with Poland; but the excuse was that the regiments were escorting a large purchase of cavalry horses; and any excuse was good enough for the Poles.

That was the way in which Frederick the Second carried out his maxim, that "the peasant is the nursing-father of society." All his aim was to get the largest number of profitable colonists at the least cost. Very often the zeal of his agents wanted stirring up. Then the authorities of the favoured districts were not always pleased to receive "new blood," for which they were expected to pay. "No use looking to me for expenses," writes the king, "I'm

as poor as Job ;" or else he says, "I've got the earache to-day, and can't hear what you say. You must find the money." Frederick was not the man to be disobeyed ; and when he wrote accusing village big-wigs of having "joined in a hellish plot to ill-treat the colonists, whom I, in my fatherly solicitude, am placing among you," we may imagine there was a rivalry as to who should put most sugar on the immigrants' bread and butter. The immigrants did not always repay the pains spent on them. A good many got their travelling expenses twice over ; some even managed to run away and re-enlist several times, getting each time their bounty-money over again. Others thought that they had done enough in coming, and had no idea of working for a livelihood. They gave themselves the airs of people of consequence, and we may imagine the puzzle-headed condition to which the Rath or Ober-rath of a Silesian township was reduced, between Frederick urgent on the one hand, and the colonists idle, drunken, and impudent, on the other. One day, a specially-favoured colonist told the king to his face, that he was going to pack, and take his family somewhere where he had better prospects. "You're quite in the right of it, my good fellow," replied Frederick ; "I'd go too if I knew of any place where I should have a better chance than here." Nevertheless, desertions made him very angry. "How shall we stop them ?" asked the unhappy functionaries ; "shall we make them take an oath to stay ?" "What's the use of that ?" he replied, "there are oaths enough broken, without breaking more. Hold a review of them twice a week ; and, I'll tell you what, whenever a man deserts, the local magistrates shall pay what it cost me to get him into the country." He was not very particular about the character of his immigrants. "I can't expect the first generation," said he, "to be any great things ; but I'm working for posterity, and our discipline will make good, useful Prussians of their children." He was right. Silesia, for instance, into which he enticed more than sixty thousand colonists, has become pretty completely Germanised, having been, before Frederick seized it, a despised Slavonic province of Austria. Even in Brandenburg, he found gaps to be filled up. "How are you off for room ?" he wrote ; "are the ruins of the Thirty Years' War all repaired ?" "Yes," was the reply, "but we might take say one hundred and eleven families, about five hundred and

fifty people." Frederick, in the ten years after 1740, found room by draining marshes, embanking rivers, &c. for fifty thousand, and, as we saw, by the end of his reign, he could boast of having introduced at least one hundred thousand colonists into the old patrimony of his house. Silesia, bandied about in the Middle Ages between the different Slavonic kingdoms, came under the power of Austria in 1526, when the Hapsburgs got the crown of Bohemia. As M. Lavisse observes, what a different history Europe would have had, if Austria, instead of weakening herself hopelessly by stretching out after her Spanish, Italian, and Flemish possessions, had concentrated her strength on Bohemia and Silesia. Then she, instead of Prussia, might have Germanised Silesia to her own profit, aye, and Bohemia too, for we must remember that, till the House of Brandenburg took them in hand, even the lower valleys of the Elbe and Oder were almost as Slavonic as the upper. With a strong German power in the south-east, Austria might have pushed westward, quietly annexing Bavaria, which the Prussians would not let her annex in 1779 ; while Silesia, stretching northward between Berlin and Posen, would have effectually hindered Prussian advance to the eastward. But it was not to be ; the Hapsburgs neglected Silesia in a most shameful way ; so that, when Charles the Sixth died, and Frederick, leaping from his sick-bed, left his ministers to concoct a few diplomatic lies, and swooped down on the province, he was able not only to conquer it in a month, but to get hold of it once and for ever. Everything was changed ; instead of two thousand ill-disciplined, ill-conditioned, brigandish troops, Frederick at once fixed the permanent army of Silesia at forty thousand, as highly disciplined as if they were on the eve of a battle. The fortresses were all tumbling to pieces ; they were at once put in a state of defence. Books had been almost unknown before, the censorship at Vienna was worse than the Papal Index ; Frederick at once poured in bale upon bale of literature, and the Silesians could scarcely believe their eyes when they read, in some of the books thus suddenly provided for them, jokes upon and sharp critiques about their new lord and master. Of course, the taxes rose a little ; but then they were more equally divided. Above all, they were in the main spent in the country, instead of being carried off bodily to Vienna ; out of three and a quarter millions of

thalers, the king only took away seventeen thousand. Silesia had been a stronghold of religious dissensions. Under Austria, the Romanists, of course, had had the upper hand; when the Prussians came in, the Protestants hoped that the day of vengeance had dawned. The day after the battle of Landshut, two thousand peasants came and "begged to be allowed the small favour of putting to death all the Papists in the neighbourhood." Frederick, for once in his life, quoted Scripture: "Love your enemies," cried he, "bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." The peasants went off considerably quieted, we may hope not unedified. "Liberty of conscience to all alike," was his rule. All he did was to cut down the holidays and shorten the pilgrimages. He even left the prince-bishop of Breslau the right of coining money.

As for colonisation, there was ample space for it in the farms, estates, whole villages, deserted since the Thirty Years' War, in the towns with one or more quarters fallen into ruin. The immigration agents worked well; and, before the Seven Years' War began, Silesia had received a very large number of linen-weavers and others, who soon rebuilt the ruined villages. Silesia suffered much in the Seven Years' War; hence Frederick was doubly anxious to start there all kinds of improvements. His correspondence with the governor of Silesia is that of a great landowner with his steward. "Look," says he, "if there is not a good deal of paying work to be done in the way of marsh-draining or something of that sort. I'm pretty nearly sure that round Oppeln, for instance, you might find plenty of what I mean." "No," was the official reply, "your Majesty is misinformed. Round Oppeln is nothing but a peat-bog; you could not feed a man off six acres of it." "Give it a little more thought," answered the king, "and keep in hand money enough, in case you find something can be done." Next year the king was at it again. "How can you reply so perfunctorily? Get the district surveyed by people who understand something of farming." Frederick was right, as usual, as anyone may see who looks at the present state of the once peat-bog round Oppeln. But if the functionaries were kept up to the mark, so were the nobles. "Make a village," was the king's advice to anyone who wished either to stand well at

court and win a higher title, or who, having got into trouble, was anxious to be restored to favour. "What a lot of fine villages you might have if you'd cut down some of your huge forests, count," said Frederick to Count Posadowski, and then he went on detailing all his own colonising plans, saying that he would get settlers if the count would give them room. Posadowski, who wanted nothing less than the destruction of his timber, said nothing, just throwing in a "yes" now and then when politeness seemed to exact it. It was enough for the king that he did not say "no." Frederick at once went off to another Silesian nobleman, and finding him not at once impressed with the beauties and desirableness of turning his woods into villages, "Why," said he, "Posadowski's going to do it. He saw the thing at once." And Posadowski had to do it. Very soon an official letter came inviting him to "send in a report on his projects of colonisation." If a nobleman really had not money, it was lent to him; but villages the king would have—"well built, with a good house set apart for the schoolmaster."

West Prussia, too—Frederick's share in the first partition of Poland, "My little bit of anarchy," as he cynically called it—needed a great deal to bring it up to the Hohenzollern standard. When Frederick took the country it certainly had not much culture, whether Teutonic or Slavonian. The official report on the Netze district speaks of degenerate breeds of cattle, worn-out fields covered with stones and weeds, woods gone to ruin through wasteful cutting, meadows turned into swamp. "The cottages are miserable huts of mud and straw; most of the towns are in ruins; the use of an iron ploughshare is unknown. Yet there are burial-grounds, which show that in the days of the Teutonic knights there was a large thriving population." Frederick at once built schools, abolished serfdom, made all equal before the law, gave large grants to the towns, lent freely to the nobles, distributed seed-corn, and brought in a breed of horses from Dessau, and one of goats from Spain. Within a year the king could tell Voltaire that his "morsel of anarchy" was as well governed as the rest of the kingdom; that twenty square miles of marsh had been well drained; that there was a canal bringing the Vistula and Netze into communication with the Oder and Elbe; above all, that police had been

brought in where even the name had been heretofore unknown. The canal cost seven hundred and forty thousand thalers, and was completed in sixteen months, six thousand men working at it night and day. In the summer of 1773 Frederick, to his great joy, saw vessels that had been loaded on the Oder sail down the Vistula. On one town, Culm, which was in a most deplorable state, he spent money by handfuls—more than seventy-three thousand thalers for a complete set of shoemakers, tailors, masons, &c. &c., the pick of a whole year's crop of colonists. The total sum spent on the place exceeded a quarter of a million thalers—a good sum, when we think of the value of money more than a century ago in Germany; but it was well spent, for Culm became a flourishing town. Bromberg, in like manner, which Frederick found with only eight hundred people, was so effectually set going that it now numbers thirty thousand.

When we reflect on the vast immigration of Huguenots and others under Frederick's predecessors, and remember, too, that in his reign of forty-six years Frederick the Second brought in at least three hundred thousand colonists, we feel that Prussia deserves to be called a patchwork kingdom. They calculate that in 1786 at least a third of the total population were colonists or their children. There is no parallel to this in modern history.

Naturally all were fish who came to such a wholesale fisherman's net. Of French, unlike his predecessors, he got only a few; of Italians many, who set up as pastrycooks and haberdashers. Greeks he was very anxious to bring in, believing, like Mr. Gladstone, in the excellence of the "Hellenic race." He had a curious correspondence with a Greek bishop on the subject, and sent several agents to Venice; but the Greeks were shy of coming so far north, so he tried the gipsies, whom he had at first persecuted, stringing them up to the gallows, both men and women, whenever they were caught on Prussian soil. He found them useful as spies; used them, too, to gather rags for his paper-mills, and settled them in colonies, where their descendants still retain the gipsy type and gipsy tricks. Other still earlier settlers are even now recognisable here and there. The Salz-burgers, who before Frederick the Second's time had come en masse, fleeing in the depth of winter from the mad intolerance

of their prince-bishop, still keep in part of East Prussia their dialect and their old popular songs. The Wurtemburgers, settled in West Prussia, are distinguishable at a glance from the bigger, stouter, lighter-haired "natives." They, too, keep their old dialect, in spite of the school-master. Close to Berlin, in the little town of Rixdorf, there is a colony of old Hussites—"Bohemian brethren" they style themselves—who, persecuted everywhere, at last found liberty of conscience at Brandenburg. They still talk Bohemian among themselves, sing Czech hymns, and read the old Hussite Bible. They and their Calvinist and Lutheran fellow-townsmen quarrelled at first a great deal, amusing themselves by comparing one another to the beast and his friends in Revelation. They have now calmed down; but Rixdorf is still two towns. In one street, as you walk along at night, you are greeted with "gute Nacht," in the next with the Bohemian "dobre noc."

Of the French Huguenot colonies there are still many traces. Till 1819 there were seven churches in Berlin where the service was wholly in French. Thenceforward, till 1830, the two languages were used alternately. Even now they still preach in French once or twice a year. At Ziethen there is quite a French colony, which, far away from big towns, has kept its distinctiveness. "Father" there is "pir;" "mother," "mir;" "bed," "kutsche," &c. The proper names are Germanised French: Dippe (Dupont); Villing (Vilain); Irrbenk (Urbain), &c.

Ruppin, in the very heart of Brandenburg, only a few leagues from Berlin, is another French colony; though there and elsewhere names like Lacroix, Sauvage, &c., have been generally translated. M. de Quatrefages reckons up a list of Prussian notables, who, like our Fonblanques, Romillys, &c., were "Edict of Nantes men." The Humboldts, he says, were French on the mother's side; and even the Emperor of Germany has Huguenot blood in his veins, for Frederick William married the grand-daughter of Coligny. M. Beheim-Schwarzbach says: "You can tell the descendants of a Huguenot almost to a dead certainty. They generally have chestnut hair, sharp dark eyes, long taper fingers, quite unlike the coarse fat fingers of the Germans. Yet they are not Frenchmen; there is a calm, sometimes a cast of sadness, over the face, which is wholly German." M. de Quatrefages can catch,

amid the "precious balms" with which Emperor William was fond of "breaking the heads" of his conquered foes, what he calls "the distant echo of our old religious wars, with their undying legacy of hatred." He says, too, that the children of the Huguenots, speaking French like Frenchmen, were infinitely useful during the war. "They passed for Frenchmen, went everywhere, heard everything, preached insubordination, and worked out the Nemesis of Louis the Fourteenth's cruel folly." M. Lavissee simply remarks that the only "German" with whom he had an angry word during a recent tour in Prussia was one of these "Berlin-Frenchmen."

The Prussians, therefore, are a patchwork people. In the Middle Ages, monks, merchants, runaway serfs in search of freeholds, knights anxious to carve out fiefs in heathendom, all did something towards Germanising what is now called Prussia. Brandenburg got to have a dialect of its own, the Mark or Border-speech, of the capabilities of which Luther boasts in his Table-talk. The Thirty Years' War stopped this progress for a time, but it went on again under Frederick the Second's immediate predecessors, and he himself gave, as we have seen, the finishing touch to it; and now the compact way in which the Prussian patchwork holds together must be a marvel to those who compare it with Austria, for instance. Surely the Hohenzollerns, who brought colonists and took so much pains in acclimatising them, deserved to succeed better than selfish ruffians like the princes of Hesse, who, with Frederick's example before them, could find nothing better to do with their subjects than to sell them to George the Third, to be food for powder in America. "Prussia," says M. B.-Schwarzbach, "is a living organism. Guided by the need of keeping itself alive, it drew in and assimilated everything that came near it, repairing its losses as the maimed zoophyte puts out a new arm; and at last surprising the world by the strength which it had been quietly gathering."

Some physiologists declaim against mixed races. "They always have bad teeth," says an Anglo-Irish friend, explaining in that way an hereditary defect. But, teeth or no teeth, mixture seems to have answered well in Prussia. Prussia had, what some mixed populations have lacked, a good "paternal system," under which the crudities of the patchwork speedily disappeared. As M. de Quatrefages says, they were all Prussians

together. The progress has been steady, for each successive prince has pulled with a will in the same direction. In this way Berlin, which in the great Elector's day had six thousand people, had risen to sixty-nine thousand at the time of Frederick the Second's accession. Fifteen years later it numbered nearly one hundred and ten thousand, and we know what its population is now. Towns do grow more quickly in America, but Prussia is in Europe; and besides, the progress has been steady, and bids fair to be continuous.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

SING the song of the singer, merrily ring the rhymes,
Light is the lay they tell us, light as its echoed
chimes;

Sing the song of the singer, mocking at doubt and
fear,

Catch the joy of its melody, let its daring beauty
cheer;

Well that the mellow music may bear no hidden
signs

Of the broken heart of the poet, written between the
lines.

Watch the part of the player, bravely and deftly
done,

See the difficult height attained, the loud applauses
won;

Weep with his passionate sorrow, thrill to his pas-
sionate bliss,

Blending your joyous laughter with that happy laugh
of his;

Well that his marvellous acting, dazzles, wins,
refines

Who thinks of the desperate effort, written between
the lines?

See the work of the painter, in colouring rare and
rich,

Give it its well-won homage, choose it the choicest
niche;

Hang it where it may render, as an artist's best
can do,

Companionship in its beauty, delicate, pure, and
true!

Well that its silent loveliness, softness and thought
combines;

None read the bitter baffling strife, written between
the lines.

Watch the path of the prosperous, sunny, and smooth,
and bright,

Health and wealth to give it its full of sweetness
and of light;

See how the easy future is planned for the careless
feet,

Given each slight desire, flattered each vague conceit.
Well that the outward surface, gladness and peace

enshrines;

Who knows the tale of the skeleton, written between
the lines?

If the singer dies in solitude, his songs sigh on as
sweetly;

If the statesman has a hearth disgraced, does he face
the world less metely?

So the artist's touch is fine and sure, who heeds the
hand that guides it?

Does the player feel a fading life? his miming, mask-
ing, hide it.

Cypress, and rose, and laurel, Fate's reckless hand
entwines;

Life reads the printed story—Death writes between
the lines.

DOUBLEDAY'S CHILDREN.

BY DUTTON COOK,

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG MR. NIGHTINGALE," "HOBSON'S CHOICE," &c. &c.

BOOK V. THE FURTHER NARRATIVE OF BASIL DOUBLEDAY.

CHAPTER XI. A DEMONSTRATION.

In a large gallery in the Adelphi, Mr. Leveridge's pictures have been assembled for exhibition, that his name may be the more regarded among men, and his reputation descend to future generations. The works, lent by various proprietors, amply demonstrate the painter's great industry, his technical excellence, his fine sense of colour; there is proof, too, of his poetic taste and invention. The collection comprises numerous Eves and Venuses, Psyches and Galateas, Nymphs and Sirens. During his long career as a painter he had assiduously studied both sacred and profane history in search of subjects.

"It's a fine show altogether," says the painter, simply, "and it does me credit, though I say so that perhaps should not say so. Here are my best pictures, or nearly so, for some are absent—my Hero on Leander's body for instance, I could wish that were here, and my Aurora; the owner refused to lend it because the room isn't fireproof. The world will see that at any rate I haven't been idle, and I think they'll add that I know something about my art. My career's pretty well over; my hand grows infirm. I shan't be able to do much more. This exhibition is like the feu-de-joie that ends the fireworks. I shall only trifle and twaddle in the future. I can accomplish no more great works. Well, well, perhaps I've done enough. They look well, don't they? and they've worn well. You see they are all honestly and simply painted. I have never tried after new vehicles or fantastic experiments. Cold-drawn linseed oil, with a little spirits of turpentine, that's what I've used chiefly and found answer very well. It keeps the flesh tints very pure, as you see."

He received the hearty congratulations of his friends and brother-artists.

"It's like an instalment of posthumous fame, paid on account," he said pleasantly. "I am able to grasp the collected result of my life's labours. I was nervous yesterday; the anxiety and fatigue of completing the exhibition told upon me a good deal. I am at peace to-day; I'm entirely satisfied. I sit here very happy, surrounded by my children."

"A large family for an old bachelor," said the friend to whom he spoke.

"Well, yes," Mr. Leveridge added, with a sigh, "an old bachelor, as you say. Heaven has so willed it, and I may not repine. I leave no children of flesh and blood; I must be content with these of paint and canvas."

"I count this exhibition a great triumph," he said upon another occasion; "it sets me right with the public. They'll know me better than they did. My reputation seems more securely established. In truth these pictures are the title-deeds of my fame."

"Written on a good many skins," observed a bystander.

The painter seemed broken in health somewhat, but he visited his exhibition daily, bestowing fond glances upon his earlier performances, counting the landmarks of his career, pointing out the Venus that first brought him into notice, the Juno that won him entrance to the Academy, and so on. "I think even poor Deborah would have taken pride in the exhibition," he said. "It might have shocked her a little—the poor thing, to do her justice, was easily shocked—but it would have pleased her, too; at any rate she would have liked to read about it and all the kind things said of me in the newspapers."

It was a proof of growing infirmity, that his delight in the collection soon yielded to anxiety for its dispersion. He became eager that the pictures should be restored to their owners. A sense of responsibility weighed heavily upon him; he became alarmed for the safety of his works. What if flames were to break out, and destroy in five minutes the labour of some fifty years? What if thieves were to break in, and pilfer the choicer treasures of the gallery? It was dreadful to think of. And he complained that he could not sleep at night for thinking of such catastrophes, that they haunted his dreams and distressed him exceedingly.

"I shall be glad when it's over, Basil," he said to me. "Indeed it seems to me that my life might well close now, while people are speaking and writing kindly of me, while my fame is fresh, and the world's applause is ringing in my ears. I've been thinking so these many days past, until I have almost persuaded myself that my final hour draws near. In truth I'm like an old soldier, with my knapsack packed, and my arms and accoutrements all neat and trim, simply waiting for my orders to march. Let this be a secret between us.

I've made my will, Basil. I'm a childless old man. I leave no kinsfolk behind me, so I've made you my heir, Basil, that is, nominally, you understand. There's not so much money as people fancy—in these cases there never is quite so much money as people fancy—yet there's a tidy sum all the same. I want to help you, Basil, and in a degree I should like to help Nick; but only in a degree, for Nick has always seemed to me a young man very well able to take care of himself. He'll push on, without heeding those he pushes against, or pushes down and passes over. But mainly I want to help Doris."

The tears came into his eyes as he mentioned her name.

"I don't think she has ever known how fondly I loved her. Well, well, I won't speak of that. I'll only say that she is dear to me still, very dear. But things happened adversely, and I forgot everything but my love and acted selfishly and very, very foolishly. I can't—she would not let me—help her as I should like to help her. Poor Doris is proud. She thinks she has wronged me, and it would pain her, it would be humiliation to her, therefore, to accept aid from me. She could not bear it, I know. Well, you must stand in my place, Basil. It's my trustee I wish you to be rather than my heir. She'll let you help her, though she won't let me. And—help her in spite of herself, there's a dear boy. She need never know it's with my money you're helping her. For I don't mean you to wait until I'm dead and gone. The poor thing needs help forthwith. Only tell me what to do for Doris and count it done, Basil. You understand me?"

Doris was again in England. Her sufferings had been very great, but she bore the journey well.

The remains of Paul, as one of the victims of the days of February, had been interred in the vaults beneath the Column of July. The Republic had decreed funeral honours to the slain. The rites were solemnised in the church of the Madeleine. A grand procession marched solemnly from the Hôtel de Ville to the Place de la Bastille, while the troops presented arms, the crowds in the streets bared their heads, the songs of the Revolution were chanted on all sides, the muffled drums rolled ceaselessly, and the bands of the National Guards and the regiments of the line played mournful music.

It was at her own request that Doris

was brought back to the lodgings in the New-road.

"Our home was here," she said with plaintive simplicity.

She was told that Mr. Leveridge greatly wished to see her.

"Let him come," she said; "he shall be welcome. He is a very old friend. I can remember him so long back, ever since I was the tiniest child, and I find myself clinging to the past; the present is so sad, and the future is such a blank."

She was much agitated, however, and her face was dreadfully pale when I brought him to her. She rose, in her black dress, and advanced to meet him.

"My child, my child!" he cried. The sight of her sufferings, of her widow's dress, of the lines of care traced upon her face, seemed to wound him cruelly.

"Mr. Leveridge," she said, with the air of one nerving herself to make a confession she had long looked forward to making, "I did you grave injustice in the past—I acted towards you with a wicked thoughtlessness—no one knows that better than I do now; no one could be more anxious to make confession of it. Alas! I can make you no amends. But what is past is past. But if ever you wished that I should be punished for my sins against you, your wish has been sorely gratified. Look at me! Have I not been punished enough? My heart is broken!"

"My child, my child, I never wished it."

"No, no; you did not—you could not!" And overcome with her tears she fell fainting towards him. He caught her in his arms.

"My Doris, my poor, poor child Doris!" he said again and again. Presently he whispered to me: "Your mother looked just like this, but a little while before she died."

If the people had risen. But they did not rise. Their disaffection had been exaggerated, or their faith in The Charter was far from complete. The 10th of April came and went, yet the British Constitution remained unchanged.

London began forthwith to laugh at its fright. It went behind the ghost, as it were, and perceived that it had been terrified by such simple means as a white sheet, a broomstick, a scooped-out turnip with a lighted candle stuck in it. There had been nothing really more alarming.

In truth the failure was most absolute.

The cause of the People's Charter perished pitifully, ignominiously, ludicrously.

There was a grand procession of leaders, orators, and delegates; of bands, and vans, and banners; of column after column of men of the artisan class, marching shoulder to shoulder, brave of bearing and defiant of look. And with these came in their thousands the worthless and mischievous, and predatory hordes of London—the scum and refuse of a great city, intent on their own infamous and savage ends. It was thus rather a mob than an army that advanced through the streets, crossed the bridges, and passing out of Middlesex into Surrey, proceeded to Kennington-common, the appointed scene of demonstration. But then a mob, rather than an army, had accomplished the French Revolution!

There were occasional cheers from idlers and lookers-on, with some laughter and ridicule; but there was little real sympathy. Even the most lenient of our judges held that we were endangering the public peace, without sufficient excuse. Our appeal to physical force had not only alienated many of our political friends, but had arrayed against us the energy and military strength of the Government. We encountered no opposition, however; not a soldier, nor a policeman, was to be seen.

There was something ominous about the absence of all interference. Were we to be led into an ambush? Must we prepare for a sudden onslaught of the soldiery? Were we to be the victims of another Peterloo?

Soon information spread that artillery, cavalry, and infantry, in overwhelming force and ready for immediate action, were assembled in the neighbourhood. The demonstration was thus subjected to a very depressing influence.

The meeting was duly held, however. The vans were ranged together to form a platform for the orators and their friends; and harangues more or less violent in quality were successively delivered. But the crowd listened with preoccupied thoughts and averted gaze; they were for ever looking over their shoulders in expectation of the arrival of cavalry upon the scene. A sense of failure was present generally; all felt baffled and discomfited. Many turned their steps homeward; the mass melted, the mob dispersed.

Then the rain fell heavily—as though the occasion needed further damping! Chartism was fairly washed away—for ever. Great laughter ensued, as I have said:

and those who had feared the most laughed the loudest.

The matter may be now judged from a distance and dispassionately. To my thinking the people had legitimate reason for complaint—endured much injustice, suffered many hardships, which Parliament was then too inert and opinionated, ignorant and selfish, to remedy. The appeal to physical force failed, however, as it deserved to fail. And Chartism, considered as a panacea, was found to be of no more worth than many other political quack medicines.

Chartism perished—but not before, as I hold, it had wrought genuine good, and had really served its turn. I lay no stress upon the fact, that certain of its six points were afterwards calmly enough conceded by the Legislature, and were found by general agreement to improve the mechanism of the constitution. But as a protest it succeeded. It drew attention to the needs and wishes of large classes long overlooked by our lawgivers. Indirectly it brought about greater sympathy between all sections of our society. It helped to bridge the gulf dividing the rich from the poor, the idle from the industrious; it diffused knowledge; it roused interest; it helped on the general progress of the English people. That is my view of the matter.

It was a sunny evening in spring; with transparent rain clouds veiling the horizon, with outbreaks of pale golden light, and curious patches of purple shadow chequering the landscape.

I encountered Mr. Grisdale upon Hampstead-heath. He looked sad and careworn, but he was perfectly calm.

“I am up here for fresh air and a little peace and rest, and for time to think. I am going on to The Spaniards for a cup of tea and a watercress. The fact is, my dear boy, I dare not go home. I am charged with sedition. A warrant has been issued for my apprehension. Cuffey and Jones, Fussell and Looney, are already in custody. If I venture back to Somers-town I am certain to be arrested.”

“Where is Catalina?” I demanded.

“Poor child, she's safe enough. She's with Uncle Junius. They can't do anything to him, you know. It's quite true that he played the French horn in one of the bands on Kennington-common; but that isn't a criminal offence—as yet. Now if any good purpose could be served by

my arrest, I would cheerfully submit to the action of the authorities. But to imprison me will benefit no one, and will injure me considerably. I intend therefore, in point of fact, to keep out of the way."

"And Catalina?" I repeated.

"My dear boy, you forget they can bring no possible charge against her. It's true she's helped me with my newspaper; but they don't know that. Catalina's safe enough. There's Junius to look after her, and, of course, you'd lend a helping hand if need arose."

"Of course," I said earnestly.

A policeman passed us. "Perhaps it would be a few pounds in that poor fellow's pocket if he knew me to be Grisdale the Chartist!"

CHAPTER XII. POSTSCRIPTUM.

It is very hot; and Mr. Grisdale, attired in a suit of white duck, is glad to move his rocking-chair well beneath the shadow of his verandah. There is a cup of tea close beside him, and he holds in his hand a copy of *The Australasian Sentinel*, of which organ he is the editor and sole proprietor. Melbourne is within an easy ride or drive of his villa.

Some years have passed. But his age, like old Adam's, is "as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." Time has somewhat thinned his rampant locks, dimming their ardour of hue; it is as though the flames had burnt out, and left but gray ashes. Otherwise he looks hearty and healthy; altogether in excellent preservation.

"Australia has been the making of me," he is wont frankly to own; and he adds ambitiously: "I should like to be the making of Australia. But we shall do very well. We need have no fear. Australia advances! Melbourne grows to be a great city. To be sure, the buildings are a little mixed; but they'll shake into their places, both shanty and palace, in a very little while. Ah! Basil, if your poor father were but alive, and with us still! He'd find rare scope for his genius as an architect here. There's room enough and to spare in these parts for any number of glorious edifices. Melbourne's chief want is an architect."

The *Australasian Sentinel* was an energetic journal, warmly advocating the interest of the squatters—what was known indeed throughout the colony as the Conservative cause.

"We must always remember," observes Mr. Grisdale, "that we are at the anti-

podes, and that things here are apt to wear rather a topsy-turvy appearance. It's Christmas time, yet the weather's so hot that a steaming plum-pudding is almost a personal offence to me. Similarly I am the editor of what's called a Conservative paper, the while I'm in opposition to the Government and supporting the interest of the original settlers upon the soil. I should call myself a Radical if I wasn't in Australia; and though I am practically a free-trader, I am steadily and honestly recommending a mild course of protection as very necessary for a young colony, which must learn to walk before it can learn to run, and while it's learning to walk needs must have kindly hands stretched out to it to prevent its tumbling down altogether."

The *Sentinel* is no time-serving journal, however. It speaks with most fault-finding candour of His Excellency; it deals in slashing leaders and pointed paragraphs upon a variety of topics. In truth it is very much one of Mr. Grisdale's old Somers-town organs attired in colonial raiment. Even certain of the old Utopias find "ventilation" in the columns of The *Sentinel*. Here is a familiar panegyric concerning the suffrage and the elective principle, with a rather wild proposition that the constables of the colony, having, after a fashion, to rule over men, shall be appointed to office by the vote of their fellow-citizens, the inevitable ballot-box being, of course, forthcoming on the occasion. And here is a suggestion for the foundation of a universal bank, the capital to be supplied by philanthropists, which shall lend money free of interest and so somehow indirectly abolish taxes, and in time pay off the national debt. But these eccentricities notwithstanding, The *Sentinel* is a sensible and business-like paper, enjoying a large circulation, and very well supported by advertisers. And apparently Mr. Grisdale has made his peace with the pillars of the Church. There, at any rate, is an article very complimentary to the Bishop of Melbourne, with whom, indeed, Mr. Grisdale had the pleasure of dining only last week. Moreover, there are evidences of regard for certain political institutions of ancient date, such as the Somers-town publications viewed rather intolerantly. Looking at it now from a long distance, Mr. Grisdale finds something to admire even in the British Constitution, and is capable at intervals of civil mention of the Crown.

To be sure "the mother country" is sometimes rather derisively spoken of; but there is love in the laughter; a prankish boy might in the same way jest at the old lady his mother, her foibles and eccentricities, the while his heart really feels very tenderly towards her.

"When we were championing the People's Charter with its six points, we might have added a seventh—the most important of all—emigration! What a good thing it would be if we could transplant——"

"Transport?"

"I said 'transplant,' sir—certain of our old friends. They'd flourish in this fine generous soil, whereas at home—in England I should say, I count this my home now—they are overcrowded, they are perishing for lack of fresh free air and room to move. Emigration's the thing. The English population will thrive the better for being thinned; the more that come here the better it will be for all."

"Especially for The Australasian Sentinel."

"A most admirable advertising medium. But depend upon it, I am right. Sow Englishmen in various parts of the globe, and reap grand colonial possessions; in time new empires come into existence, and the world acquires a richer history, a grander interest."

Uncle Junius approaches. He calls himself Professor of Music now. A large door-plate in Melbourne's chief street informs the world of the fact. He looks old, and is a good deal bent, but he has prospered altogether.

"The mail's in," he says.

"What's the news?"

"Well, there's nothing much that I call news. Do you remember a man named Hooton, Lucius?"

"Hooton? Toomer Hooton? To be sure I do. I met him"—he was going to say "in The Bench," he substituted "years ago."

"I thought I knew the name," says Junius, lazily. "He calls himself an eminent tragedian—he's arrived with a company of actors. He intends to give a series of Shakespearian performances throughout the colony."

"What crimes are committed in the name of Shakespeare!" exclaims Mr. Grisdale. "But I suppose this Hooton must be supported. He must be getting on—in years. It would be hard his coming all this way to be hissed, because I don't doubt he often got hissed, and very well hissed,

in England. We'll welcome him. We'll even take tickets for his benefit, and——"

"And not go to it," says a thrilling musical voice.

Doris is the speaker. She is very beautiful still, and a calm smile graces her lips, and there is a sort of tender flush of colour upon her cheeks. She looks as one who has gone through sore tribulation, to find peace at last. The ordeal has been undergone, but it is not forgotten—the memory of it, indeed, cannot pass away—its impression is indelible. A curious air of thoughtfulness now seems to possess her face, her manner is marked by a sort of musing repose; her eyes one might fancy are oftentimes fixed upon the past, and occupied with visions not manifest to others. And yet she seems able now and then to put her troubles far from her; but that is chiefly when she looks at little Paul beside her, and busies herself in tending him, in finding new pleasures for him, in sharing his childish pursuits and pastimes.

Mr. Grisdale rises from his chair, and would yield it to Doris. But little Paul will have her come with him beneath the shelter of the umbrella, to gather certain favourite English flowers, with which the garden is ablaze.

"How like the child grows to his father!" notes Mr. Grisdale. "The same fine cast of features, the same grave, gray eyes, with the same crisp cap of curls—but they boast the ruddy gold gleam of his mother's locks. If our friend Leve-ridge were still alive and with us, what studies he might make of Cupid, of the Infant Bacchus, of Ganymede, and the rest of them. How the poetry of the old paganism has kept it alive! Is not that a pretty picture now?"

It was a very pretty picture. Doris and her boy nestling under the umbrella, and gaining increase of shadow from a wide-spreading canopy of foliage, seated upon the slope of the sward, toying with the flowers they had gathered, and interchanging the pretty prattle, the sweet smiles, the tender glances, and fond caresses, that have constituted, since the time of the first-born, the unvarying converse of mother and child—exquisitely delightful to both.

Presently arrives a letter from Nick.

We had heard from him only intermittently. Letter-writing was distasteful to him; he had been ill-pleased at our departure from England; and had ex-

pressed himself very contemptuously in regard to the colonies. He was apt to confuse the emigrant with the convict, and entertained a vague notion that Botany Bay was the proper title of the whole continent of New South Wales.

He was a married man at last! Emmy Baker had become his wife.

We learnt the news with some surprise. We had supposed him pledged to Eliza Baker.

It appeared that certain hitches had interrupted the progress of his wooing. After his usual manner, he had conceived that his wishes were to be wholly unopposed, and that what he had planned to take place would assuredly occur. He had thus announced to us his intention to marry Eliza Baker, before he had taken much counsel with the young lady upon the subject, or been at any trouble to secure her consent. To his great amazement she had refused him, when at last he made his formal offer. She had informed him, however, that, unwilling herself to become his wife, she nevertheless thought it very possible that her elder sister Alice might like the situation. To Alice, therefore, after a certain pause, to compose his nerves and regain his breath, Nick accordingly applied himself. But Alice in her turn rejected his suit. Still she went on to say, by way, perhaps, of breaking his fall, that she rather fancied her sister Emmy, after formal application, might consent to become his wife.

What Nick thought of this, cannot be fully stated. However, he addressed himself to Emmy; and, in due course, he obtained from her a favourable response. Emmy was the eldest of the three sisters, and it had been arranged beforehand, perhaps, that she should be the first to be married. Or it may be, that she thought it well that Nick should not go altogether out of the family; and therefore, upon her sister's rejection of him, she accepted him.

Old Baker died, and the existence of his bank was seriously menaced by the appearance at the East-end of London of various branches of the Joint Stock Banking Companies. In time it became necessary to amalgamate the old institution with the new. Nick appeared subsequently as the head-cashier of the eastern branch of the Cosmopolitan Banking and Universal Discount Company (Limited). It does not seem likely that he will ever rise much above that position; but it is one of comfort and considerable emolument.

Emmy's share in the estate of her late father has been securely settled upon herself. But they promise to be a very happy and united couple.

Yet another figure joins the group in the garden of Mr. Grisdale's Australian villa.

My Catalina brings her grandfather yet another cup of tea. I say "my Catalina," with intention, of set purpose, and with truth. For she is indeed mine.

I may not tell fully how it all came about. I feel that already I am verily guilty, in that I have trespassed so much upon the reader's attention. But—I loved Catalina. The fact has been set forth, I think, more than once in these records.

The emigrant ship was off Blackwall. Catalina stood beside Uncle Junius upon the deck; all thought of prosecuting Mr. Grisdale had been abandoned. He had gone on to Melbourne to establish a home there for his brother, and for his darling Catalina.

"It is very hard to say good-bye."

My heart was so full, I could only venture upon commonplaces.

"Is parting such sweet sorrow, as the poet says? I think, in truth, it's very bitter sorrow."

"And we part for so long a time, for ever it may be."

"No—not for ever. Don't say that—don't even think that. We shall meet again—and soon. I feel certain that we shall."

"Catalina," I said wildly, "I love you so! If you bid me come to you, however far away you may be, I shall surely be beside you, at your feet—very, very speedily."

"I will say it now. 'Come to me,' or 'come with us,'" she said laughingly, but with tears in her eyes, and a throb in her voice.

"But—have you thought? Do you know what that signifies? It means that you love me, that you are mine, always mine—my wife."

"I love you! Do you want it said so plainly, in so many words?" she hid her blushing face.

"How was I to know it, if you would not say it plainly in so many words?"

"How was I to say it, sir, if you would not ask me to say it? Is a girl to be like a ripe plum, and to drop into your mouth of her own accord or in spite of herself, if you but stand long enough below mute and agape? But, in truth, I don't think I

knew myself how much I loved you, Basil, until this hour of our parting came, and then—— It's hard to read one's own heart, or to know what's written there; and sometimes, you see, one doesn't want to know, one hurries past the page, though the inscription on it may be in very large and plain letters. But the time for reading it surely comes. In truth, the writing is forced upon one's attention at last, it thrills through one, and sets one's cheeks burning, as mine are now, and then others can read it beside one oneself. You for instance."

"Love is so blind!"

"Lovers are so stupid!"

CLIPPED RUPEES.

THE only club in London not now devoid of tenants is the Cardamom—a club famous for its curries and pillaus, its mangoes and chutney. Thither go many "old Indians," not of the conventional "nabob" type, but wholesome-looking gentlemen, plump if not rosy, perhaps a little over-dignified and ceremonious—the invariable fault of people who have lived anywhere as a caste—but good fellows in the main; far better read than London people who, if, as the slang phrase goes, really "in it," know everything about politics and society at first hand, and professing to care for nothing else, read nothing but the newspapers and perhaps a magazine or two. They profess—these people who are "in it"—to admire, if they have heard of him, Charles Lamb's friend who left off reading "to the great increase of his originality," and Vanbrugh's Lord Foppington, from whom Lamb took his idea; and they have all heard of Sarah Jennings and her books, "men and cards," for was not she the ancestress of the noble houses of Spencer and Spencer-Churchill, not to know all about whom would be to confess ignorance of Burke and all his works? But the "Indians" read steadily, while in India; recollect what they read; and actually embellish their talk with anecdotes and references to persons dead and gone a quarter of a century ago. I sometimes believe, as I sit in the smoking-room of the Cardamom, that these excellent people believe in the survival of conversation—an art, that their friends at home gave up in the dark ages before Apollinaris water was invented. They finish their sentences, too, these grandees, as if

reporters were in waiting to take them down, and they give them a rhetorical twist, as if making a "gallery stroke." Mr. Tattenham says their neatly-worded sentences are "long-winded," and consigns them to Tophet for a "prosy lot, who round off their speeches as if they were writing an official report." As for me, I like the old gentlemen passing well, and infinitely prefer them to the young Indians, who have grievances. The old ones have grievances too, but they, if lengthy in narrating them, do not repeat themselves, as the younger men do. In one respect—although there is no comparison they would more energetically repudiate—the latter resemble the Chartists of a bygone generation. Frost and Feargus O'Connor and their followers had a happy knack of saving the costs, charges, and expenses of a room or hall for their meetings. Funds were scarce, for one thing, and their mode of procedure had an additional attraction in its free and buccaneering character. It was known as the "cuckoo dodge," and was played in this way. No sooner did the Anti-Corn Law agitators, or any other body of persons, organise a meeting, than the Chartists mustered in force, and taking violent possession of the platform then and there, converted the Anti-Something-or-other meeting into a Chartist demonstration. This is precisely what the young malcontents do at the Cardamom Club. They put an end to rational talk. Only the other day I was discussing with Sir Hercules Brinjal the merits of Madame Grand, afterwards Madame Talleyrand, when Sir Hercules unluckily insisted on telling his favourite anecdote about "sicca" rupees—the good ancient rupee which preceded the present debased currency. At some length the worthy man descanted on the difference between a "sicca" and an ordinary rupee in the time of Sir Philip Francis, and on the debate between the judges in the divorce case of Grand against Francis as to the amount of damages to be awarded. Judge Hyde desired to fix the damages at a lakh of rupees, while Judge Chambers thought no damages should be given at all; but finding himself alone against Impey and Hyde, named thirty-three thousand rupees. The president—Impey—cut the knot very easily, and gave judgment for fifty thousand rupees. Hereat Judge Hyde sprang up in his seat and cried out, "Siccas, brother Impey, siccas!" and the court gave judgment accordingly.

Hardly are the words out of Sir Hercules Brinjal's mouth than there is a bubble of talk about rupees, siccas and others; and such talk of exchanges that one would imagine himself in Cornhill.

"I tell you," says Captain Kedgeree, a smart, soldierly man of some eight-and-thirty summers, "that it is not the sum in question, but the gross injustice of the thing, that raises one's bile. To me it makes a difference of forty pounds a year—gloves and cheroots to some of you single fellows, but an important item to a married man. The entire principle is false. We are Englishmen, and engaged in the service of the Queen of England and Empress of India. I, for one, don't know what we have to do with rupees at all, and why, like other conquering nations, we have not forced our currency, and for many purposes our language too, on a conquered country, instead of adopting their rubbishing rupees and mohurs, lakhs and crores. But granting that custom has made it convenient to pay us, while in India, in the money of the country, it is absurd to saddle us when on furlough with a difference of exchange: it is striking a soldier in his tenderest part. Hard knocks and hard weather he can stand well enough, but touch his pay and allowances and you shall see what you shall see."

"Eh! but ye're sound in that part of your proposition," chimes in old Sandy McSpeldring. "What was the secret of the success of their High Mightinesses the States of Holland? What was it that helped them to thrash first the Spaniards and then the French, till the big countries were glad to cry peccavimus? Will ye answer me that? Ye'll find it explained by Sir Walter—an author none of the degenerate creatures of to-day ever read. Through the mouth of Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket he tells us that the States of Holland were hard taskmasters, but that their 'behaviour on pay-day was an example' to Europe. They just got the best fighting material because they paid the best price for it, and paid it punctually."

"Having incidentally informed the company of the greatness of Sir Walter Scott," resumed Kedgeree, "perhaps you will allow me to point out the particular grievance I protest against."

"Go on, man. The sound of his ain voice is dear to the humblest of Heaven's creatures."

"Well then. Passing over the broad absurdity of paying English officers serving the Queen in her Indian army in rupees—less exchange when home on furlough—I will point out the peculiar hardship for which we have to thank that meddling genius the Duke of Argyll, and propose a motto for him, 'Nihil tetigit, quod non damnavit.'"

"Let McCallum More alone," cut in McSpeldring; "the father-in-law of a princess of the royal blood wants no mottoes of your making."

"Don't interrupt, old 'Nemo me impune,' &c. It is the Duke of Argyll's interference which has brought about the present abominable state of things. Prior to 1868, officers of the Indian armies going to England on furlough, drew pay at English rates, that is, at the rates of pay drawn by officers of corresponding rank in the British army. But in 1868, the conditions of service in India having been materially changed by the Staff Corps Organisation, and the cost of living having enormously increased, the Indian Government introduced a new code of furlough rules; the leading feature of which was, that furlough pay was fixed at fifty per cent. of the pay and allowances drawn in India, and that this fifty per cent. should be drawn in England at the rate of two shillings per rupee."

"Admirably stated," murmurs Sir Hercules, "but our friend promises to be lengthy. (To the waiter) A lemon squash."

"Sorry to see a man with a fine natural taste for everything wrong, reduced to the subacid innocence of a squash, but I will resume. So far as I have gone, the position was perfectly clear and intelligible. Furlough pay meant half-pay and half allowances at two shillings per rupee—but this was too simple to last long. In 1871, the Duke of Argyll—then, unhappily, Secretary for India—suddenly discovered that officers on furlough were drawing their furlough pay at two shillings per rupee, when the rate of exchange was only about one shilling and tenpence half-penny, and in a despatch to the Government of India, directed that furlough pay should be reckoned at the current rate of silver; thus making the rate of pay to depend upon the market price of that metal. There, Mr. McSpeldring, is the text of the despatch. Read aloud the wisdom of McCallum More."

McSpeldring, who is only one member of an entire clan in the Indian service,

forgets the claims of country in those of kin, and reads, in a voice like the creaking of cart-wheels, the following:

"DESPATCH.

"India Office, London. April 27, 1871.

"Par. 5.—In the General Order issued by the Government of India, number one thousand and sixty-four, dated November 10, 1868, it was stated that furlough pay in all future orders and references would be understood as the half Indian salary within the prescribed limits, converted at the exchange of two shillings for the rupee.

"Par. 6.—On a careful consideration of the matter, it appears to me that there is no reason why the pay of officers in the country should be issued at a different rate from that at which those in India are allowed to remit a portion of their salary to England.

"Par. 7.—I have accordingly to request that your lordship will at once issue an order cancelling so much of that of November 10, 1868, number one thousand and sixty-four, as fixed the uniform rate of two shillings, and announcing that all payments of furlough pay will be made at the current rate of exchange fixed for the official year."

"Very ingenious, indeed," insinuates Sir Hercules, with secret delight at the blunder of a Radical; "because they lost money in remitting home, they must lose money when they come home. Excellently reasoned. Quite worthy of the little schoolmaster with a theological bee in his bonnet."

"Let me go on. This was not all. Previous to the issue of the order of 1871, made by the direction of the Duke of Argyll, there was a period of uncertainty, during which officers were allowed to 'elect' between the old and new rules—the English rate, or fifty per cent. of Indian pay and allowances at two shillings per rupee. It is important to recollect that only those officers who took furlough between 1868 and 1871 had a chance of this 'election.' Every officer who availed himself of it is absolutely bound by his contract while in the service. Its chief condition was, that he should be paid, in the words of the fourth paragraph of the rules, 'the half Indian salary within the prescribed limits, converted at the exchange of two shillings for the rupee.' These were called the 1868 Rules."

Here I cannot help breaking in with:

"I don't quite follow you. The thing is getting mixed between the 1868 rules and the doctrine of election, and the 1871 something. Give me a cheroot, for reason rocks upon its throne."

"I have remarked," throws in Sir Hercules, "that although English people come forward handsomely with subscriptions for the Indian famine, they will never take the pains to understand any Indian question. An Indian debate clears the House at once. When a quarter of a million of people were overwhelmed by a tidal wave in Bengal, there was less notice taken of it in England, than there would have been of the loss of a ship with fifty passengers off the Lizard."

I submit that the death of remote persons affects me so little, that the old murder test about slaying a mandarin in China by an act of volition in England, seems to me weak and unfair—not to say silly.

"Well," continues the chief orator, "the position is this, that officers who required furlough between 1868 and 1871, and 'elected' the new rules, enjoy special advantages over those who took no leave at that period. There has been a five years' fight over the question, and the decision leaves everything more chaotic than ever. An attempt was made to extend the 1871 order to officers who had 'elected,' but this was fought by Colonel Boisragon, who pleaded his contract, asserting that as he was irrevocably bound by the conditions under which he had elected the Furlough Regulations of 1868, so was the Government as the other party to the contract, and that it was not competent to the Government to evade the performance of a specific contract. The Marquis of Salisbury admitted the justice of the plea, Colonel Boisragon won his case, and, as the matter stands, officers who went home under the 1868 regulations, before July, 1871, are to be paid at the rate of two shillings the rupee, while those who took furlough under the same rules, but after that date, are to be paid at the current rate of exchange fixed by the Secretary of State. Thus only those officers who were fortunate enough to be able to take furlough between July, 1868, and July, 1871, reap the advantage of this decision. How unfairly this decision operates may be shown by one or two instances. Captain Jones is a man of weak constitution, and unable to stand the climate for long together. He has,

therefore, been frequently obliged to go to England to recruit his health, and being fairly well off, and having something besides his pay to live upon, he has been able to afford thus frequent trips; out of fifteen or sixteen years' service, quite half has been spent on furlough. In 1870, he went home under the New Code, drawing his pay at par. In 1877, he again goes home, and, thanks to Colonel Boisragon, again gets his pay at par. Captain Smith, on the other hand, is a strong, healthy man, able to stand the climate, and to do his duty. This, and the misfortune of want of means, have combined to keep him in India. He has not been able to take furlough, nor has his health necessitated his being sent home on sick furlough. But in 1877, after some seventeen years' continuous service, he finds himself at last able to afford a trip to England, and arranges to go with Jones. But poor Smith, although, in India, equal to Jones in point of pay, in England finds himself worse off than his comrade, to the extent of some forty pounds a year. Surely an unfair position for the man who has done the work."

"It is hardly fair to throw the blame of what appears to be a half-measure on Lord Salisbury," sums up Sir Hercules Brinjal. "He did what was asked of him by Colonel Boisragon, in whose case law and justice were clear enough. Colonel Boisragon very properly confined himself to his own contract, and gained his cause. Justice to the officers who were not fortunate enough to have the opportunity of election, can only be done by rescinding the Duke of Argyll's troublesome order altogether."

And the prayer of the Cardamom Club is not "God bless the Duke of Argyll."

STRANGE WATERS.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," "PEARL AND EMERALD," &c. &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. GOING HOME.

It had been with a not altogether light heart that, when the time came, Celia had to leave Lindenheim. She had been there three whole years, and had never so much as dreamed of going home. From year's end to year's end she had lived at the apothecary's at the sign of The Golden Lion, in a round of hard work and quiet

pleasure, till it was Deepweald, and not Lindenheim, that became the dream.

It never struck her as strange that her father never sent for her to see him. His ways had always been so different from what she now learned were the ways of other men, that it would have struck her as very strange indeed, if he had done in anything what any other man would have done. She drew no comparisons; and, as almost everyone of her fellow-students stood upon some abnormal relation to his or her own family, domestic eccentricities were the order of the day.

He had written to her now and again, though without any regularity; but, after her first vain and barren attempt to write to him, he exacted from her the most minute weekly record of how she employed every moment of her time, and not only of her studies. She had begun faithfully. But presently—and without the least intention or thought of suppression—certain little incidents began to drop out of her diary. There had always been a secret undertone of sympathy between this ill-matched father and daughter, but never confidence; and confidence does not spring up as quickly, or even as surely, as one of Lord Quorne's cucumbers—or certain other gourds. He had taught her to be shy, and set up a barrier of reticence between even her own right and left hands. How could she possibly write to John March catalogues of the land-parties to Waaren and elsewhere, of the chatter of a parcel of boys and girls, of the thousand and one little interests into which she fell, but that would want a far more practised and more fluent pen than hers to make even intelligible? It would be like offering a handful of daisies to a lion—or a bear. And so it came to pass, that the name of Walter Gordon was among the trifles that dropped out of her diary. And the chatter of her friend Lotte was another—and, in short, everything that makes up life, to which work hardly ever belongs. Let the hardest student think, and—unless he be another John March—realise how little time and thought his work takes up, compared with the merest everyday trifles.

So Celia had duly chronicled her singing of Infelice at a students' concert, only omitting, out of shyness, the praise and the envy that it gained her; but she had never mentioned the receipt of a bunch of violets, though it had interested her ten thousand times more. Nor—for how on earth could she explain what she did not

understand?—her plighted friendship with Walter Gordon. It seemed so natural, and yet so strange; so easy, and yet so unaccountable.

It was at least two months after her troth-plight to an eternal flirtation, after the sense, or nonsense, of Lindenheim, that Lotte said to her in her little room at The Golden Lion:

"It is time you should tell me something about your emotions, Celia."

Celia understood German very fairly by this time, but the question puzzled her a little.

"My emotions?"

"Of course. I want to compare them with mine. Do you know, Celia, I'm not altogether satisfied with my own. If I like yours better, we'll change emotions for a little while."

"By all means," said Celia. "I should like some emotions very much indeed. Are they really so pleasant?"

"Now, that is Herr Walter all over! As if you didn't know very well. Really, my dear child, there is something very extraordinary about you. You have been months at Lindenheim, and you have not only been constant yourself, but the cause of constancy in—Herr Walter. Do you know what I should say if we weren't in Lindenheim?"

"What?"

"Why, that Herr Walter is downright in love with you—over head and ears—the real thing. Only, of course, that's impossible."

Celia flushed rose-pink, as girls do who have heard of Love but never seen him.

"There!" cried Lotte, clapping her hands together. "If that isn't just charming! Oh, if I could only have an emotion again that would come like that, it would save me in rouge for ever so long. But, you see, I've had so many. Do, please, tell me how you feel."

"Very well, thank you," said Celia.

"Oh, you English! You haven't got an impulse in you—not a sentiment even. I used to love, oh, passionately, when I first came to Lindenheim. I never could hear the name of Walter without turning as red as a boiled lobster and feeling my heart beat till I was afraid for my stays. Of course I'm desperately in love with him still, only it's more sentimental; but it does enrage me to see anybody else taking first love as quietly as one's first music lesson. But it can't be—isn't your heart beating—wildly? No," she said

sadly, after placing her hand over the muscle where poets have chosen to locate the passions. "No; it is absolutely calm. I'm disappointed in you, Celia. I thought it would be so nice to have a rival I liked, instead of that odious Ilma. It would have been so delightful for us to be jealous of one another together, and agree upon what we were to feel. Do tell me what you think of Herr Walter, Celia."

"I like him very much indeed. He is very kind to me, and I am very grateful. You and he are my two friends."

"Celia, you are a downright goose out of heaven. It's your feathers that Dame Holle shakes down at Christmas. It's my belief that you're a great deal fonder of Herr Walter than I am—there! I know what's English for kindness and gratitude. It is 'loaf,' my dear child."

She sighed sentimentally, and then laughed, like a wise woman of the world—of Lindenheim—at nineteen.

Nevertheless, Herr Walter was very kind, and Celia was very grateful. He had opened the windows of her life, and let in the sun; how much they needed opening he might guess, but could not know. He gave something more than mere human interest to her days, and kept his word in the matter of constancy. And the least touch of sympathetic human interest was a revelation to a girl, who had been taught to look upon the whole round world as but a pendant to a church organ, and as a dead body to be inspired by an as yet unwritten score for voices and full orchestra.

He gave her a great deal to wonder at and to remember, besides that talk on the way to Waaren and that other talk on her way from her first lesson. Very few days passed without his bringing life into her round, and so putting heart into her work and her waking. He cultivated an acquaintance with the apothecary's family at The Golden Lion, and very often spent an hour or so there before joining the good company that met later on at The Stadt Dresden. He broke up the Quakers'-meeting character of the school concerts, by sitting by Celia and her chaperon. He gave her flowers and chocolate. It was all according to the strict code of Lindenheim etiquette, save in the matter of constancy; and there was nothing about it all that would be called lover-like anywhere.

No doubt Herr Walter liked the relation, or it may be assumed that it would not have continued. She could feel and

understand the kindness of heart that first drew the leader of Lindenheim society to throw the shelter of his friendship over the shy and friendless new girl. It was not his fault that the first rose of May in her heart should be made to bud under his sunshine. However little the sun may think of the rose, the rose must needs think a great deal of the sun. That infinitely delicate thing without a name, that is in no sense love but might be love, that feels itself without thinking, that enjoys itself without knowing—that perfume without blossom, music without notes, that is nowhere possible, save in some days of spring and some hearts of girls—had already come to her; and how was he to know? And yet he must have felt the fragrance of it a little, or he would never have become so intimate with the apothecary at The Golden Lion.

But he had left Lindenheim with a promise to write, and had kept his promise to the extent of two long and three short letters. That was a great deal for a man who had left Lindenheim for Rome. The "Good-bye" was perfectly simple—it was only tacitly understood that their student-friendship was to last for ever. The matter-of-fact Celia believed it; she would have believed it no more fully had the understanding been sworn to. She had no theories about friendship, and assumed that "once" in all cases means once for all.

Of course she missed Herr Walter. Nay, she was so eccentric, for a Lindenheim student, as to remember him. But it was not as we miss what we lose. He had left her a legacy. And this was an infinite faith in the sunshine. Her heart crept a little back into itself, in its mouse-like way, but she had her work left, and an assurance that there was silent sympathy with her somewhere in the world.

And then Lotte left Lindenheim. And then, at last, it drew near to her own time for leaving. She had written to her father to tell him of the approaching end of her course and asking what she was to do. For all answer she had received these few lines:

"Dear Celia. Don't wait. Don't take your diploma. You must not be labelled. Arrange to return instantly. I shall expect you daily. J. M."

No eccentricity from home surprised her, even though in the present instance it obliged her to travel alone from Lindenheim to Deepweald. That was not a

matter likely to trouble a man who never had more than one paramount idea, and to whom details—save in his score—were nothing and nowhere. But the sudden summons told her that it was not an easy thing to leave Lindenheim, even to go home.

What a strange experience is always that same "going home!"

After even a short absence, when many things have happened, it is a mixture of desires and presentiments not always of the most comfortable kind. When we are fairly away from it, home is just as mere a shadow as strange countries are when we are at home. For three whole years, from girlhood to well-nigh womanhood, Lindenheim had been home to Celia. It contained all her real interests, however guilty she might feel in owning such a thing. She had not seen her father. She could picture him well enough, at will, drawing thunder from the organ or toiling at that never-ending score; but he had become almost like a dream of childhood, and not of a kind that people like to dream over again. The grim, grotesque incarnation of gnome-like labour, living apart from his kind in the gloom of a house that must surely be haunted and saturated with ghosts of half-born harmonies, fell like frost over the Saxon Arcadia, with its free, frank life, its youth, its hopes, its sympathies, and its sunshine. She could have remained there contentedly, she thought, all her life long; going home was like leaving home. And then there were more things to leave behind in Lindenheim than were actually there. That lilac-dream was bound up with Lindenheim; it seemed to refuse transplantation to Deepweald. Going home was like going back to childhood—and slavery.

But, after she once found herself in the English railway train, came the desires and the presentiments in force; Lindenheim was falling back for awhile into dreamland. What change would she find? She was not the same Celia. She found herself contemplating her old self as from an outer point of view; and, if she even to herself had changed so much, what would remain unchanged? Could her three years of transformation have passed over her father without a sign? She had the illusion of Lindenheim on her that she had grown old there; so what must her father be? The old names and associa-

tions grew up before her oddly. While she had been turning into a woman, as she thought, was Mr. Gaveston still reading the same poems, to the same fifteen representatives of St. Dorcas? was Mr. Swann still cracking the same jokes? was Mrs. Swann still snoring the self-same snore? It was hardly possible; even Deepweald must surely have been spinning round in some way all this while. And, if not, she would be coming home among them all as a stranger, bringing with her unknown experiences, no more intelligible at Deepweald than the Laureate's poetry had been three years ago. After all, it would be less strange to meet Herr Walter in the flesh in front of the Shire Hall, than to see the cathedral tower where it had always been.

And yet, there it did stand. She had never thought of noticing it before; but now the sight of it made her nerves thrill and her heart beat, as it had not beaten under Fräulein Lotte's experiment. She came back one autumn afternoon. Nobody had met her—no doubt her father was adding a semiquaver to his score. It looked very gray, a little grayer and older it seemed to her, against the pale blue of the sky. The elms were turning brown, and there was the quiet keenness in the air, that comes before the leaves fall. The rooks were coming home early. How unspeakably, strangely familiar it all was, and at the same time how unspeakably strange! The very gravel of The Close looked oddly; and there was her house of bondage—

Flutteringly, almost timidly, she got out of her fly and knocked at the door. Not so timid had she felt at her own father's threshold when she had disobeyed him for the first time by hearing Mademoiselle Clari sing. She felt terribly alone, and missed Herr Walter here, where he could not be, even more than at Lindenheim.

The door was opened by a slovenly girl, who stared at her and her luggage.

"Where is my father?"

"Eh, ma'am?"

"I am Miss March," Celia had to explain. "Where is my father? Is he at the cathedral?"

"No, ma'am—miss. He'll be in the study. He don't go to church now."

"Is he well?"

"He's much like as mostly. You'll find him there."

She left her luggage to take care of itself, and opened the study door. The

room had changed as little as the cathedral, except that the old litter had grown into tenfold confusion, and that its stale cloudiness seemed to speak of the pipe and the score, not indulged in at odd moments but at least four-and-twenty hours a day, or more if they could anywise be squeezed in. And what did the girl mean by saying, "He don't go to church now?" Even as Celia entered she heard the chanting of afternoon service through the closed windows.

There he still sat at his battered esri-toire, the dwarfish, broad-shouldered figure of the organist, as if he had never stirred from it for three years. He must have been absorbed in his score indeed, for neither her knock, nor the crunching of the fly-wheels on the rough gravel, nor her entrance into the room disturbed him. In the far old times she would not have dared breathe disturbance when he was so deeply occupied. The force of revived habit came upon her, and she stood waiting—hardly knowing whether she yearned to throw her arms round him, or whether to creep quietly upstairs and cry.

The scratching of the pen still continued. She could bear it no longer, and at last, without moving towards him, said, in scarcely above a whisper:

"I am come home."

She had learned to write the word "father," but she could not speak it for the first time.

"I am come home," she said a little more boldly. But the scratching still went on.

Presently it stopped. "I am come home," she said a third time, so that he must hear. But he did not turn round.

An awe fell upon her. She had been away so long, and there was a weird feeling about the dim room, and the silent, motionless figure, and for an audible background, the dull chant outside.

"Father!" she cried out for the first time since she was born. But she could not have moved a step towards him for the world.

The pen went on again. Another chord was added to the score.

Something terrible was growing out of this petrification of time. Had he really sat there so long as to have become but an incarnate score? She knew not after how long, but at last he rose and turned round.

"Celia!"

Her own name in that voice like a deep organ stop opened all the gates of the old

life, and woke up the room. As little as she could have moved towards him before, could she keep herself now from flying to him—for the first time. But he held out both his hands.

"Wait—are you in time? Don't speak. Sing."

Celia was used to eccentricities too well, and had grown to gather too much systematic meaning in them, to imagine that during her absence her father's brain had been affected by solitude and the score. She could well enough comprehend, knowing him, his anxiety as to the result of Lindenheim, and his impatience to be satisfied. She looked for no signs of affection. But this welcome home was a little too cruel. She had found at least one thing in Lindenheim—a human soul; and it was too young and unfledged to be callous to wounding.

"Sing, Celia," he said again.

Her arrival home in the autumn afternoon, her first sight of the gray tower after three years, her falling back into the old air, the lilac buds she had brought with her from Lindenheim, had already filled her heart to overflowing. It seemed swelling and choking her. Instinctively she thought of Walter, who now seemed to personify all sympathy. Sing! She could not speak even. She could not even cry till she could escape into solitude.

"You are not singing," said her father.

What was she to do? Obedience was the first law of her nature. It came on her with double force because of her freedom. She could not sing; but she made a painful effort, and managed to sob out the first few notes of *Infelice*. It was the first music that came to her.

He kept his eyes fixed on her. Did they give her strength, or did they only compel her weakness to seem like strength, against her will? There was no absurdity in the situation to him or to her. Mechanically she drew her breath harder to keep down the choking sobs, and the ball rising in her throat, and forced herself to bring out the bare notes with the more power for the effort that it cost her. He still watched her lips, her throat, her eyes. Anyone suddenly entering, would have thought it a piece of mesmerism or wizardcraft, to see the organist, redeemed from

grotesqueness by a power that forbade any man ever to smile at him, forcing an unwilling voice from the girl before him.

He did not release her till she had gone through the whole scena from beginning to end.

"I see you sing well," he said abruptly.

"I think—I think I could have heard you seven days ago. Well, I waited too long."

"Good Heaven, father, what do you mean?"

"The score is nearly finished. It won't take more than a few years more, now. By that time you will be in your prime." He was speaking very calmly, in his deep voice; but there was a harsh tone in it, new to her, as if the organ stops were growing out-worn—a sort of dull despair in it, far more moving than any outburst of passion would have been. There was affectation of stoicism even, harder to bear than the agonised tone in which, three years ago, he had made a long-forgotten prediction of the doom that was upon him; for she remembered that now, and understood all.

He had been giving up life, and all that—as she had come to know—life means, for the achievement of a perfect work and a perfect voice, that he who made them would never hear. A dumb orator, a blind painter, a deaf musician—which is the more terrible doom?

Celia could only cry out, and, at last, with a full heart, fall upon his neck—his real child at last come home. Lindenheim faded into mist, and was forgotten; here alone was reality. She broke into a shower of love and pity over the strong man who had done his best to crush her own life as well as his own, under the altar of art that he had tried to raise.

He must have had a heart somewhere, and not merely a score. As she fell on her knees before him with her arms still round him and her tears falling, she felt one warm tear fall on her face, and not her own.

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